when they did it by BlueWall (MsMrs)

Series: through the years [5]
Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: M/M
Language: English
Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper (Mentioned), Jim "Chief" Hopper (mentioned), Joyce Byers (mentioned), Maxine "Max" Mayfield (mentioned), Mike Wheeler, Will Byers, others mentioned by I'm too lazy to tag, who needs to know about mentioned characters aynways?
Relationships: Will Byers & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-08-28
Updated: 2018-08-28
Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:33:23
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: Underage
Chapters: 1
Words: 3,412
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

A hot summer day. An empty house. Two boys who have loved each other for so long, but still have a major step ahead of them. What could go wrong?

when they did it

Author's Note:

> Oh Jesus Christ, right? I haven't posted in months! But I just came up with this in less than two hours and thought 'Hey, this fits my Will/Mike series rather well!'
>
> So here it is. They're all over each other, and that's okay because they're gonna be together for the rest of their lives, and you all know it.
>
> Fuck proof reading, btw.

A lot of good things seemed to happen in the summer for Will Byers. He remembered how he had lost his first baby tooth, for the first time allowing himself to be proud as a peacock. That had happened in June, and the tooth fairy (his mother) had brought him a quarter. He had bought candy for himself and Mike. More for Mike than for himself.

That, among a few more minor things, defined his memories of these wonderful warm months when winter was furthest away, and the sun stayed up until 10 or 11pm.

But it wasn‘t just these small moments. Will had met Mike in the summer. Mike, whom he loved more than anyone or anything in the world. Or, right after the summer really, on his first day of kindergarten. These few simple words „Do you want to be my friend?“ had ended five years of loneliness.

He had kissed Mike for the first time on a blisteringly hot and humid summer night. A tearful moment, but his first major step into really healing after a year of hell, and half a year of subsequent nightmares.

That‘s not to say *all* good things, of which there really weren‘t many, happened during the summer months. For example, coming out to his family. Saying ‚I love you‘ for the first time. Will and Mike had done that around Christmas.

But the trend proved true on July 18th, 1987. In the morning, Will didn‘t know what he was in for, or that he would fall asleep that night even happier than he felt when he woke up to the sound of two cars leaving the driveway in close succession.

Will‘s eyes opened slowly, his eyelids sticking together for some reason. That reason was probably the heat. Living in a nice, large house was one thing. One thing Will wouldn‘t have changed about this new life that was now his after his mom had married Hopper. But it still didn‘t have an AC, and upstairs, where the bedrooms, guestroom, and bathroom were located, it was about as bad as it could be.

Groaning, Will shoved the impossibly thin sheets off of himself. As much as he would have loved to leave them on the ground next to his bed for the night, he just couldn‘t sleep without the comforting feeling of a blanket. Though, he doubted that it would have made any difference. Even in the dead of night, the air had a constant 85 degrees, according to the thermometer on his new digital alarm clock. Will didn‘t even know why he would want to know that.

So much for loving the heat. It looked like even this unnatural attraction towards everything hot and boiling the Mind Flayer had

left him with had its limits.

The cars leaving could only mean one thing. He was alone at the house for now. „Crime doesn‘t sleep in on Saturdays.“ So, naturally, Hopper had to be on duty, despite there not being any crime at all in Hawkins. Whatever.

Will‘s mom, meanwhile, had promised weeks ago to take El and Max shopping in Indianapolis. Something that would probably take the whole day. Much to Will‘s delight, because sometimes, he loved having the house to himself.

He was self-conscious. Will was the first to admit that. So, the fact that he didn‘t have to put on a shirt to take the small distance from his room to the bathroom was relieving. He never did that with anyone else in the house, run around only in his shorts. No one would have minded. Will would have, though. He was just too damn scrawny for his own taste, and he knew there was only one person who could make him feel comfortable in his own body for a while.

Will stepped into the shower. Wonderful, cool water. He groaned in delight, not even minding how the temperatures immediately killed his morning wood. On a less cruel day he would have taken care of that in a different way, but if he tried that now the heat would end him, and being found dead like that really wasn‘t something he wanted for himself.

Will chuckled into the slightly echoing bathroom at the thought.

He didn‘t skip breakfast, even if his stomach screamed at him. Developing hunger in these temperatures was impossible. Not eating anything would have been dumb, though. Will used to skip meals all the time, and knew exactly what this did to his body. How it weakened him.

So, he forced down a bowl of cereal with cold milk from the fridge. The only thing he could bear to eat. After that, he got himself some coke, also from the fridge, complete with ice cubes from the freezer. Will desperately wished he could just leave said freezer open, put up a tent in front of it, and live there until this would be over.

His mom would have killed, or at least grounded him for ruining all the food and possibly breaking the thing, though. So he resorted to watching TV and drawing. The TV really was background noise, because Will hated total silence. In a quiet neighborhood in a town like Hawkins there wasn‘t nearly enough going on to make him comfortable. Some soap opera filled up the rural Indiana silence with its banter about who broke up with whom.

Will listened with half an ear at best. He knew, he‘d never go through a breakup. No, he‘d spend his life with Mike, that much was certain. It wasn‘t a coincidence that all he could draw today was Mike. He didn‘t even try to fight it, instead giving in to the fascination. The angles of his boyfriend‘s face, sharp and not childlike at all anymore, manifested on the clean white paper of his notebook. Once, twice... five times in total in less than an hour.

Pling! Pling!

That was the sound of the doorbell. One advertised as being especially easy on the ears, as not to startle you. A lot more pleasant than that old-timey *Ring!* Will had never especially liked.

He pulled the door open to find Mike standing there, grinning at him. His heart did a funny leap in his chest, as if trying to jump out to present itself to his boyfriend.

„Hi.“ he breathed.

„Hi.“ Will greeted back. „Come in. I thought you wouldn‘t be back before noon.“

Mike shrugged. „Mom isn‘t feeling too well. The heat, y‘know. She skipped on her book club today, so I don‘t have to watch Holly.“

„Lucky.“

„Hm, yeah. But, I mean, Holly‘s still asleep anyways, and I don‘t think she‘s gonna leave the basement today.“

The door closed, and only then Will allowed himself to close the gap between them and kiss Mike. It was slow, sweet, as lazy as Will felt today. „Hi.“ he repeated with a hazy smile.

„Hi.“ Mike chuckled. „How can I ever survive a day without this?“

Will draped his arms around him, not caring for how his body temperature increased even further. Will hated being small. Not with Mike, though. Whenever he felt Mike‘s chin resting gently on his head, he thought he was just the right size. He enjoyed being able to listen to Mike‘s heartbeat standing up like that.

„Wanna sit down?“ he asked.

„Actually, I thought we could cool ourselves off a bit.“ Mike replied.

„Oh yeah?“ Will pressed another small peck to Mike‘s lips. „That‘s gonna take a lot.“

„I know.“ Mike kissed him back. „If you decide to heat things up even more.“

„Not my fault.“ Will mock-pouted. „That just happens when I look at you. So, what‘s the plan?“

Mike had every reason to loathe the quarry. This was where he had lost Will once, or at least that was what he had believed for a terrible,

terrible night. This was where he himself had almost died once. If he still hated the place, though, he didn‘t show it.

Quite the contrary, it was his idea to come here rather than the community pool, which would be too full to actually enjoy. The air was just a bit cooler down here by the water when Mike‘s Corolla pulled up right at the banks. It was also infinitely more humid, though, and despite the lack of vegetation, swarms of mosquitoes were dancing in many spots.

The car stopped a bit harshly. „Sorry.“ Mike apologized. They both were a bit new to this whole driving thing. Mike had only bought this perfectly boring but perfectly well maintained car from his grandmother two weeks earlier. He was still getting used to it.

„Don‘t be. If it helps, I feel safe driving with you.“ Will sighed.

Mike smiled at him gratefully. They were already in their swimming trunks, as neither of them had felt the need to undress out here. The spot was easily visible from the top of the cliff, even though the chances of someone coming by were rather slim.

„Come on.“ Mike took Will‘s hand a bit impatiently. „Before I melt.“

„What if I want you to melt?“ Will snickered. „You could cover all of me like that.“

„Oh god.“

„Yeah. I could put you in a bathtub and bathe in you.“

„Will, that‘s terrible!“ Mike laughed. „With all the intestines and stuff. Like, imagine putting someone in a giant blender and just...“

„Ew! Okay, you‘re right. Let‘s get in. I‘ve made up my mind. I don‘t want you to melt.“

They walked towards the water side by side. Will‘s heart skipped a beat when his feet came in contact with it. A quick look at Mike got it going again, though. Will just loved his boyfriend‘s body. So lean, sharp in places, but with the outlines of adult muscles beginning to show. He somehow mourned the loss of that beautiful sight when the water finally covered them whole. They were deep enough in for Mike being able to stand. Will‘s feet had already lost contact with the ground.

„That‘s better.“ Mike groaned. „I thought I was gonna die.“

„Me too.“ Will pulled himself close to Mike, chest to chest, so he didn‘t have to keep himself over the water. Mike didn‘t seemed to mind at all. They kissed. More than once, with all their passion, and for once Will didn‘t care for people who might be watching, or for the heat.

Needless to say, they didn‘t get much swimming done that day, and the cooling effect of the water remained within tight borders. It couldn‘t cool Will‘s boiling insides anyways.

„How long do we have?“

„What do you mean?“ Will teased. Sitting on the couch, he had is legs swung over Mike‘s lap and comfortably cuddled into his side. He enjoyed the way Mike‘s thumb circled on his bare knee, and after hours at the quarry the air was at least a little more bearable. „If you just wanna cuddle, we can do that all night. You know mom and Hop don‘t mind.“

That was the truth. Will‘s mom had loved Mike from the day Will had brought him home for the first time. And after Christmas one and a half years ago, after they had come out to her and Jonathan, that love had only increased. Will never needed to say it. She just knew how happy Mike made him. The two of them sitting next to each other, or rather on top of each other, wasn‘t and unusual sight at the Byers/Hopper house.

„Hm.“ Mike murmured. „You think they would mind this?“ His lips connected with Will‘s again, and Will could never get enough of that. Just the tingly feeling. The taste. The breathless bliss it always left behind.

„If that‘s what you wanna do... two hours.“ Will mused.

„Not enough.“

Will knew what he meant. They could never have enough time together. „It‘ll have to do.“ he hummed against Mike‘s soft lips. His hands slid under his boyfriend‘s loose-fitting shirt with ease, and god, did he like what he found there. That was about as far as they ever went. Touching. Exploring. With every second he felt for every detail of Mike‘s body, and for every second Mike‘s hands gently traced his ribs, Will felt more and more heated on the inside.

His shirt was already drenched in sweat anyways. So, he got rid of it. Easy as that. Except, it wasn‘t. Because, when Mike did the same, Will thought the sight would kill him right away. Something was different today. The sudden thought overcame him that there might be an unexpected turn in for the two of them. At least if Will had a say in it.

He decided to probe first. His hand innocently touched Mike‘s stomach. Then is ‚accidentally‘ slipped a bit further down, tickled by the soft fuzz growing there. Will wanted this. He never had before. Actually, he had been the one who hadn‘t felt ready until now. But here he was, trying to start something.

„Will?“ Mike gasped at the unexpected feeling.

„Hm?“ Will hummed back.

„Is this... what‘s this?“ There was a certain nervousness to his voice. Will, however, felt oddly confident.

„Mike…“ he smiled. „Let‘s… let‘s go upstairs.“

„Oh… um… okay, I‘m gonna- yeah. Let‘s do that.“ As much as Mike stumbled over his own words, he stumbled over Will when he jumped up. It hurt a bit, but Will giggled. He followed Mike upstairs, but had the clarity to pick up their shirts. He didn‘t want anyone to find them just lying here.

Mike, meanwhile, had found his confidence back. At least some of it. He hastily pulled Will down to the bed. Will groaned as his hips touched Mike‘s, and his raging hardon was pressed between his own stomach and Mike‘s jeans shorts. This wouldn‘t do. These pants had to go.

But how was he supposed to get rid of them with his lips captured by Mike‘s, his hands busy exploring his boyfriend‘s torso? He pulled back, whining at the loss of contact. Mike groaned deeply.

The reward was that Will got to touch and *be* touched where he needed it the most. His groin was on fire, but without the tight pants, he finally got at least some relief. The only thing separating them was their underwear now.

And for what was next, Will needed to see Mike‘s eyes. It was a silent question. A request of permission. Mike‘s eyelids fell shut heavily. „Please.“ he murmured.

Who was Will to deny him something? Still fixated at Mike‘s face, awash with lust, he slowly removed his underwear, gulping. He couldn‘t remember ever seeing Mike naked. Yet, here he was, in all

his perfection. „You‘re beautiful.“ Will whispered.

He gasped when he felt his own underwear being lowered. „And you‘re cute.“ Mike retorted, reminiscent of the night they had said the three magic words for the first time. „I love you.“ Exactly these.

„Love you too.“ Will closed the gap again, still on top between Mike‘s now spread legs. Nothing was between them. It was all just bare skin on bare skin, and that felt like an explosion. Will gulped through a faint hint of nervousness. Would he last long enough?

He decided to touch. His lips and teeth grazed over the most sensitive spots on Mike‘s neck, making him writhe underneath Will. His hand carefully clasped around Mike‘s length. The response was the most delicious sound Will had ever heard. Desperate whimpering. Mike‘s smell, heavy and familiar, was intoxicating.

And then Mike reciprocated, a gentle stroke for a gentle stroke. Giddy, lightheaded, on *fire*, he moaned into the damp crook of Mike‘s neck.

The pressure quickly became unbearable, even with those too light strokes. Blushing, Will realized he was leaking all over Mike.

Mike had noticed it too. „God, you‘re so hot.“ he breathed out. „Lie down for me?“

Will did as Mike requested, and suddenly hot lips were all over him.

They kissed a trail down his sternum, his stomach where they lingered for a teasingly long time. But then, finally, they arrive where Will *needed* them with unprecedented desperation. Mike‘s mouth was hot on his erection. He had never felt anything like this. It came close to killing him.

„Mike!“ Will involuntarily gasped when his boyfriend‘s tongue circled teasingly. „More… please.“

He didn‘t have to say it twice. Mike picked up speed, and Will didn‘t know where to look anymore. The sight of Mike‘s head bobbing up and down was just too much. But he couldn‘t *not* look.

„Oh god, Mike, I‘m gonna… I‘m gonna…“ The need to warn his boyfriend was then wiped away by pure bliss. It was like a knot breaking under pressure, something going up in flames with a loud bang and blinding white light, unlike anything Will could make himself feel with his own hand. And then, when Mike swallowed, *actually swallowed*, Will thought he was not going to survive. But what a heavenly way to die that would have been.

Mike was a gentle lover. He slowed down to guide Will down from his high without overstimulating him.

„Mike…“ Will panted weakly. „Oh shit, why didn‘t we- why didn‘t we do this earlier?“ With all the strength he could muster, he pulled Mike up to him, kissing, *tasting*. It hit him then. Will had just lost his virginity. From a certain point of view, anyways.

It was time to give something back. Hungry, with an animalistic

desire, he mirrored Mike‘s movements from earlier. He nibbled, kissed, licked every spot of skin he could get his mouth on. Until was there. And Will didn‘t hesitate. His willingness even surprised himself, but when Mike‘s cock filled up his mouth and throat, he understood. This was *Mike*. And Will would never have a problem with any part of Mike. Never in his life.

The massive erection pulsed in his mouth when he started to move. It slid across his tongue, slick with his saliva and Mike‘s salty precum.

„Will... love you... love you so much... always loved you...“ Mike began chanting desperately. Will sped up at that, eager to please, prove himself worthy, though that was irrational. He hummed happily, knowing full well what the vibration would do to Mike.

It took him a while because he wanted to test everything, and poke as many buttons as he could. Mike‘s balls. They were sensitive, the perfect place to gently touch and coax more loud moans out of his boyfriend. If receiving had been incredible, giving was pure heaven.

And Will took it all in, to give as much as he could. He swallowed too when Mike tensed and bucked his hips underneath him. He enjoyed the simple fact that this was his work. That he had done this to his first ever friend. His first and only boyfriend and lover.

In the end, both of them were utterly spent. The day had been so hot, so exhausting, and the summit they had reached together so explosive, they knew they wouldn‘t get anything more done today.

„S‘okay if I stay the night?“ Mike asked weakly. „I don‘t think I can

drive.“

„Wouldn‘t want you to leave.“ Will smiled, staring into Mike‘s perfect, dark eyes. The way they were lying next to each other, their noses were touching. „But we gotta get dressed.“

Will‘s mom and Hopper never minded them sharing the bed. They did it on pretty much every sleepover by now. But Will still wouldn‘t want them, or El (holy shit, that would be bad!) to find him asleep, entangled with Mike‘s naked body. Even though they probably wouldn‘t hold it against them. Will and Mike were both sixteen, after all, and neither of them could get pregnant.

Reluctantly, they slipped back into their shorts and T-shirts, for good measure. Will had to admit, the fabric soaking up some of his sweat was actually a nice feeling, and it didn‘t make being spooned by Mike any less intimate.

„Love you so much.“ he mumbled.

„Love you more.“

„Impossible. You‘d explode if you did.“

Mike yawned. „Jesus, it‘s just 6pm.“

„Yeah.“ Will chuckled. „But who‘s gonna stop us from going to

sleep?“

„My mom‘s gonna miss me.“ Mike contemplated. „I should call her. Tell her I‘m staying.“

„Hush. You know my mom‘s gonna do that once she gets home.“ Will scolded.

He could feel Mike smile against the back of his neck. „That‘s good... that‘s...“

And like that, he fell asleep, Will following only seconds later.

Author's Note:

> Let me know what you think, maybe?
> If you do, I might do a coming out story with Mike's family. Because, if you read 'when they said it', you'll notice I set the stage for that months ago.